What You Do When You Are Alone

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What You Do When You Are Alone

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Summary

Hannibal has convinced Will to experience being penetrated for the first time.

Notes

If you wanna know why it takes me and theconsciousdarkness forever to update our long WIP, it's because we spend most of our time shouting extremely pornographic hannigram scenes on IM at each other when we could be writing, lol. But sometimes those conversations coalesce into something wonderful, and here is one of those times.

Will was already undressed, vulnerable, in Hannibal's bed. He never quite understood how Hannibal talked him into these things. He was so confident and reassuring when he proposed a new *therapeutic* technique, after they'd become intimate.

"I need to see how you've pleasured yourself before, Will, if I'm to know your body. Your responses. There's no one better to instruct me than you."

When the heated flush rose to Will's neck as he sat in the chair in Hannibal's office as they first talked about this, Hannibal could barely restrain himself.

"What have you done to yourself? Besides the ubiquitous and obvious?"

"I've, ah…stroked my nipples…"

"Are they quite sensitive?"

Will swallowed hard before answering. "Yes. Sometimes I can't get off unless I do it…"

"Anything else?"

"I have, uh, penetrated myself. Just a little. It's not enough, and I feel like I want more."

"Have you used objects designed for the purpose of giving anal stimulation?"

Will shifted in his seat at how clinical Hannibal was being. Yet there was something about it he liked…"No…I thought about it, but I never have. Seemed too impersonal somehow."

"You'd prefer the feel of living flesh inside of you?"

No reason to deny it. "Yes."

It had made so much sense at the time, and Hannibal's voice had grown deep and thick the more he talked. It made Will ache in a part of his lower abdomen that was halfway between ecstasy and agony. But being confronted with the reality of what Hannibal wanted him to do, to *show* him, to *watch* him doing was something else entirely. And here he was, doing what they'd discussed.

"Will…when you were alone, did you use only one finger? Or did you try more?"

"I tried more than one, but it was difficult to get the angle right. With one, I could reach… my…ah…"

"Your prostate, Will. When you were able to reach it, you felt very good."

"Yes, god. When I could really get there, it was like nothing else."

Hannibal smiled down at him, pleased with his candor. He leaned in, trying to get Will to be less curled up into himself. His tension parted when their lips met; it always did.

Sucking on Will's lower lip, he maneuvered his body back against a pre-placed stack of pillows. When he had Will where he wanted him, he sat back a few inches, caressing the insides of his thighs, his knees. Will's skin was so very hot under his hands; Will could easily see and feel how large they were, and it sent a shiver through him. He couldn't stop looking at those long, slender fingers and wondering…

Hannibal saw him looking, and smiled, knowing exactly what he was thinking.

He leaned in, placed his lips over Will's ear, and said: "Show me."

Will took the proffered lubricant and bent his knees up to his chest. Hannibal's eyes roamed over Will's body, down to his exposed entrance. He sighed in quiet delight as Will hesitantly pressed his middle finger just inside. A groan spilled from his open lips as he fingered himself, shallowly. Head back, neck and chest flushed.

Hannibal placed his hand over his, and Will knew to pull back. Gently as he could, he replaced Will's finger with one of his own. Will's breath hitched, and Hannibal placed a warm, broad palm on his thigh.

Once he relaxed, he managed to open his eyes, and Hannibal was watching him, in intimate fascination.

"You feel hot, Will. Slick. Eager, but not quite ready. Incredibly…tight," just as he begins to put a little pressure into his touch. He wasn't yet penetrating him, but instead passed a directed finger just over his hole.

"Tell me," he continued, "what does it feel like to you?"

Will struggled to put it into words, but he wanted to try.

"It's ah, ah…so good…mmm, please don't stop…oh fuck, Hannibal, right there…"

Hannibal continued stroking him there, slowly, deliberately. He wanted Will to be as relaxed as possible, but also wanting so much more.

"I want to describe what I am seeing. Are you ready to hear?"

Will nodded frantically, wanting, but also feeling a sort of delicious humiliation wash over him.

"I see you yielding to me, your body wanting to open under my touch. You're so smooth, Will. And aesthetically, visually pleasing."

Will squirmed in increasing embarrassment.

Hannibal laughed quietly. "You don't think every part of your body can be an object of appreciation to me? Your entrance…your sweet, tight little hole…is pink and lovely. I will spend so much time doing this to you, and so much else. Enjoying."

Will moaned, incoherent with the mixture of emotions coursing through him like liquid fire. He was giving in.

“In time, would you like to do the same? To feel and see what it’s like from this perspective? To touch me…here?”

The idea made Will feel like he might faint. His eyes went wide; yet he didn’t hesitate to answer,

“Oh fuck, yes, Hannibal…”

Will began to move his hips, suddenly desperate for more of Hannibal inside of him.

Just as gradually as possible, Hannibal pressed the tip of his finger inside. He delighted at how Will’s cock twitched in response. He massaged his entrance, just inside, savoring the feel of Will relaxing just a bit around his finger. He thought only of how perfectly tight Will was, how hot inside. He’d always seemed like he would be, but Hannibal never imagined the intensity.

“You are delicious, Will. Impossible to resist.”

“Please…more…just a little more, I need it.” His breathing became hard and erratic. Hannibal began circling his finger, barely inside the rim. He could feel the muscle trying to adapt to the unfamiliar sensation, a minute squeeze, followed by a delicate little flutter.

“So beautiful…” Hannibal was taken with Will’s body getting accustomed to this.

Will moaned at how indescribably better this was than his own fingers.

Just as he was falling into himself, the new sensations drawing him into his body, Hannibal curled the finger inside him up and towards himself, moving just slightly. Will hyperventilated for a moment, until that became a part of him as well.

Rhythmic squeezing was the only response, and Hannibal kept it up until his thighs shook. Then he placed his hand on Will’s abdomen, low where he’d felt the strangeness before, and gently pressed further in.

Hannibal was putting pressure on Will’s prostate now, his head leaning to the side. Almost as if he could feel what Will was feeling.

Will’s cock was resting hard and slick against his skin, precum freely leaking.

“You…you love this…,” he panted breathlessly. Hannibal was enjoying this as much as he was. He could feel his arousal as acutely as his own. But Will didn’t know what he wanted. Did he want Hannibal to thrust into him roughly? Or finger him like this until he drenched himself, as he surely felt he could? He realized at that moment that he wanted to surrender the decision to Hannibal, to let him decide. That’s what he wanted - whatever Hannibal did.

The thought of all these possibilities laid out before him made him whimper.

The decision was made; Hannibal began thrusting, not roughly, but with purpose.

“Yes, god, yes, fuck me please don’t stop, it’s so good..,” Will whined, as Hannibal stroked that divine place inside him.

Watching this was religion for Hannibal. He was involuntarily biting his lower lip.

“Yes, Will, I know…now, I need you to stroke yourself for me, wrap your hand around your cock…it’s so slick, isn’t it?” he said sweetly.

Will timed his movements to the rhythm of Hannibal’s, and he was driven inexorably to climax.

“I want to see everything,” Hannibal breathed, “what you do when you are alone, and thinking of me.”

Will began to slide his other hand up his chest, to pinch a hard nipple. Hannibal’s breath quickened at the sight.

“As I know you do think of me. You cannot deny it now. Cum for me.”

Will barely was able to answer, but he needed to: “I've dreamt about this, Hannibal, cumming with you inside me…”

Loving how he struggled to speak, Hannibal watched the tremor in Will’s hands as he stroked his length, passing a thumb underneath the swollen head. Hannibal committed this all to memory, watching how Will liked to touch himself.

The blush on Will’s neck and body intensified as he began to cum over his hand. He was vaguely aware that there was *so much*, coating his fingers and drenching his stomach.

Hannibal could scarcely believe what he was seeing was real. That Will was here, in ecstasy, in his own bed, and inside of him while he reached orgasm…

When it was over, and Will lay panting, Hannibal laid beside him, pressing into his side. He breathed in Will’s scent as he stroked himself, and it was over very fast. Together, they rested, and both spun waking dreams of what could happen next.

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